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(ORIGINAL.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

IMMOLIN.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

(Continued.)

It is not in my power, said she, to make an adequate return; but good wishes and prayers for your happiness, shall accompany it, however trifling: take this, continued she, loosing from her side a simple rosary, and keep it in remembrance of me; Immolin bowed before the consecrated gift, and hurried from the Abbess, to take leave of several of the Nuns, with whom, she had contracted an intimacy, during her short residence among them; and with them, she likewise exchanged memento's of friendship, while many of them shed tears at her parting.

She then returned to the Marchioness, who was anxiously waiting for her; and taking her hand in silence, they proceeded to the Cemetary, to take a farewell of the dead. My readers can better imagine, than I describe the scene, that must consequently ensue, when the living breathes a farewell over the grave of a friend; suffice it to say, our heroine's grief, was of that sober chastened kind, which mocks not at reflection, but yielding to the voice of reason, arouses from its lethargy.—But the sorrow of her, who was wailing over the new made grave of her child, it was in vain to soothe, by the cold consolations, which the world bestows on every child of affliction; it was a grief whose keen edge time alone could blunt. Immolin was obliged to lead the mourner from the scene of woe; and kindly forbearing a multiplicity of words, with which officious consolers, grate upon the ear of grief; she proved in silence that sympathy which sorrow loves; and Lady Montmarenno received it as a proof of the refined feelings of her friend; and, as she leaned upon her arm for support, she warmly pressed the hand of the lovely girl, and thanked Heaven, for giving her another Clara.

They reached the parlour, and De Montmarenno was already waiting; he had seen Immolin only in her mourning habit, and he was now surprised at the alteration in her appearance; the grave dress of a Nun was exchanged, for one of a more modern fashion; her soft brown hair, waved in glossy ringlets on her neck, and the transparent whiteness of her brow, was contrasted by the vermilled tint of her cheek The youthful Marquis saw her, and already

viewed her with interest, and on her being presented to him, as his Mother's ward, he could illy hide the pleasure the intelligence bestowed; but he successfully veiled it in graceful courtesy; leaving time, to mould into substantiality, a blissful vision, which he had already engendered in his mind, and reciprocation, to give it a "local habitation, and a name."

The travellers were soon summoned to the confectory, where they partook of a repast, which the Abbess had kindly provided; after which, bidding her an affectionate adieu, they parted convent scenes, in all probability to return to such shades no more; leaving the inhabitants of the Monastery, to bewail among themselves, the loss of the rich young heiress, whose immense fortune, would have greatly increased the grandeur of the already splendid St. Omer. But we will leave them, to ruminate on the sad changes of fate; and return to our travellers.

The distance to the metropolis was but trifling, and soon did the grey turrets of the Chateau De Montmarenno's, joy the sight of Immolin. The scenes through which she had passed, were not entirely new to her, and pleasure sprang to her heart, at meeting them again: already had the servants arrayed themselves on each side of the walk, for knowing the errand on which their Lady had gone, they were anxiously waiting her return. During the six months, which the young Clara had spent at home, a few years before, she had gained the love of all, and consequently they were rejoiced at her expected coming; with pleasure they saw the carriages winding the road, and when Lady Montmarenno alighted, she saw expectancy in the eyes of her poor menials, and knowing how soon disappointment would lower on their faces, hurried through them, and sought to indulge her grief unseen; their your master followed with a Lady, who they soon perceived, was not Clara; they passed, and was gone, ere they could believe it reduced to a certainty, that she was not come; they then turned with sorrow and regret, each expressing in the honest feelings of their hearts, their amazement, that their young Lady should prefer a convent, to her own Chateau.

But they were not kept long in suspence, for fresh suits of mourning, soon convinced them of the melancholy truth; but soon, however, did the inhabitants of De Montmarenno endeavor, for the sake of Immolin, to arouse them from their gloom. The Marchioness proposed, during the short time they remained in France, (for she intended a trip to England,) to remove from Paris, to a beautiful seat in her possession, on the banks of the Loire; Immolin gladly acceded to the proposal; as a cultivation of her mind, in a partial retirement, was now necessary, consistent with her entry in the world. For the lamentable tale of the blessed St. Jerome, who was broiled to death on a gridiron, and some few others of the same stamp, were all the pages, that for some time past, had gained her attention; therefore, now in their new situation, she employed the most of her time, in reading the most approved authors, of her own, and foreign climes; which the young Marquis did himself the pleasure of selecting. He undertook to be her tutor, and it is merely justice to observe, that under such tuition, she improved rapidly, and progressed in more studies than one. The recent deaths in the family, of course excused them from all company, save a few intimates, whom Lady Montmarenno esteemed friends: she had therefore, a great opportunity of improving herself, among the Classics; and in the example of the mild and gentle manners of the Marchioness, she lost none of her own, but rather softened and improved them.

Nothing now disturbed her tranquility, but the fear of being thought an absurdity; for her kind friend was a zealous protestant, and herself as zealous a catholic. But, she wronged that friend in the suspicion; for a deep knowledge of the human heart, had taught Lady Montmarenno to throw the veil of charity, over the infirmities

of others; and she viewed the rigid fanaticism of our heroine, with the soft eye of pity, and hoped one day or other to gain a convert; and therefore, always endeavored to prove before her, that charity and benevolence, that "good will towards man," with which a true christian, proves his belief in his creed. She was in the daily habit of visiting the poor, and relieving their several necessities; seeing her one day equipped for this purpose, Immolin requested she might walk with her; willingly, my dear girl, we will go together; and if you like the manner, in which I spend my mornings, you may frequently employ yourself in the same way. They accordingly pursued their walk, and their conversation turned on the object of it.

We are all, said the Marchioness, the stewards of heaven; and for yourself and me, our means are ample, and we are doubly so; we have both the talent, which we are forbidden to bury in the earth; and, by thus relieving the distresses of the world, we yield a lively proof of our gratitude to heaven, in return for the many blessings, which it has so plentifully showered upon us. You are, indeed a christian, said Immolin, would I were so too; but, continued she, raising a kind tearful eye, do you promiscuously relieve the "good distrest," with the children of folly, and perhaps crime? Of the two last, which you mention, returned her friend, I would not willingly encourage, by an absurd indulgence; that would be merely a display of ostentation; but by precept and example; you may win many from their ways, and, as for the "good distrest," their portion is in another, and a better world; for I fully believe, that the creed of sorrow and suffering, will arise to heaven purer and holier, than that which consists in forms and ceremonies. Thus, did the kind preceptress, open on the mind of her young pupil, a doctrine new and strange.

They visited the cottages of several poor people, and Immolin felt for the first time, the pleasure of doing good; having always been accustomed to "plenty's flowing bowl" herself, she had scarcely thought even for a moment, that thousands at that very hour, were perhaps starving; and when Lady Montmarenno first commenced the conversation, she acquiesced in the opinion that it was a delightful task; but ere it was finished, she was taught to know, that it was not only an amusement, which might serve to employ her leisure hours, but that it was a duty, connected with the hopes of salvation.

They returned to their splendid mansion, and Immolin, with heightened feelings of respect and admiration, for the many virtues which she daily saw exhibited in the character of her friend. She entered the library, and had she found it unoccupied, she might probably have continued her train of pious thoughts; but unfortunately, she found one there whose dark eye, seemed the quiver of Cupid; though, Immolin, as yet, had hardly dared acknowledge, even to herself, that she had felt its arrows; but certain it is, that the bright sapphire of hers, had impressed on his heart, that, which even time cannot erase. He took her hand, and led her to a chair; are you, said he, (taking up a pile of books) for the sorrowful sublime this morning? or would you like something livelier? something of the beautiful? I have just returned from the sorrowful sublime, said she, and my spirits are now in order for something beautiful, mingled with a sufficient portion of lively sublimity; then Lady, said he gaily, I will fetch you a mirror; for the walk has considerably heightened your bloom, and the rude winds have played among your tresses, until they are in grand disorder; grand is sublime, and therefore you are sublimely beautiful. You are uncommonly gay this morning, returned she, and somewhat romantic; pray, may I ask what book you have been reading? that question, Lady, may be easily answered; I came in here this morning, totally indifferent, to whatever book might meet my eye, and happening to take up the fourth volume of Shakespeare, the inimitable play of Henry IV. has completely engrossed

my time ever since. But, now in my turn, let me ask where my good mother has been leading you so long? you have been gone, said he, looking at his watch, several hours; good mother, reiterated Immolin, heedless of his inquiry, you have justly said; for she is one of the best of women. De Mont marenno, pleased with this encomium on her he so dearly loved, replied with a bow, you, kind Lady Immolin, know not half her virtues; it may of her be truly said, "she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness."

Pardon my abruptness, said she, but I am going to ask you, to solve what appears to me a mystery; Lady Montmarenno has kindly promised to perform the task herself, but I am unwilling to probe wounds which I now hope are healing. Your father was a Frenchman, and I believe a catholic; how is it, that your mother is of so opposite a religion? Lady Montmarenno, returned young Lewis, is of English parents, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Persfield; my father saw her, while on his travels, and was determined to possess her; her family at first declined his proposals, on account of his being a Frenchman, but the passion was, I believe reciprocal, and he at length succeeded; they lived very happy, until a family grew around them, and then the contest arose, in what faith we should be educated; my mother of course pleaded for hers, but my father absolutely declared for his; I was, therefore, in conformity to his strict commands, reared up a catholic; but my father spent but little time with his children, and Lady Montmarenno on the contrary, was almost always our companion; there was a stern hauteur in the manners of the former, which always discomposed my playful years; and I ever sought happiness in the mild endearing bosom of my mother; and suffice it to say, as I grew up, her eloquent and gentle reasoning on divine truths, lured me from the shackles of superstition, and gained a prosolyte. Lord Montmarenno, enraged at being thus thwarted in his wishes, tore my poor sister from her mother's arms, and when only three years old, placed her in a convent, there to remain until the principles imbibed in youth, should become strengthened by maturer years; she was there immured sixteen years, when she was permitted to return home, and remain if she chose it; for peace to the memory of the dead, I must do him justice to say, he did not intend her for a Nun; but, how were we shocked to hear her say, that she had then become so accustomed to seclusion that it was her wish to continue it; and that she had sworn by all that was sacred, by "her peace on earth, her hopes of heaven," to return and live in the service of heaven, and breathe the last sigh of mortality in the shades of St. Omer: I had just returned from the tour of England, accompanied by sir Charles Aubrey, and as I fondly wished, he soon became enamoured of the fair Nonce, and I saw with pleasure, that she was not insensible to the beauties of a person, and the graces of a mind, which I never since saw equalled; but sorrow and anger agitated me by turns, when once over hearing him plead his tender suit, he affectionately said, if you dear Clara (as you do not deny) return my love, who shall forbid the banns? Heaven and St. Omer, returned she fervently, enough, enough, sir Charles, I never can be yours.

She left him, and from that hour, refused to see him, except in company; and frequently expressed the wish, that the hour would arrive, when she should return to her shades again: her health declined daily, the bloom faded from her cheek, and she was completely the victim of an unguarded promise; on which, if broken, her fanaticism had denounced an anathema. You, neither of you love me (said she one day to her mother and sir Charles, who were kindly persuading her,) or you would not treat me thus cruelly; you well know, that on the faith which you so much dislike, I have been taught to place my all of bliss; and you likewise know, that by a most solemn vow, I am bound to

return to the duties of it: consider, said she, while her eye flashed phrenzy, that by acceding to your wishes, I plunge myself into perdition It was in vain to urge, we gave it over.

She staid with us some months, and then left us forever: soon after she wrote us, and endeavored to impress us with the idea, that she was completely happy, and even went so far as to say, that she seldom knew a wish beyond the boundaries of her convent; and had not her tears stained the paper on which she wrote, we might in part have believed it; but they too plainly bespoke the gloom of her mind; Aubrey immediately left France, but instead of returning to his native country, has ever since been a wanderer; and now all the world's is his home. My mother pined in silence, my father lingered out two short years, and died; and in his last moments, breathed the name of Clara, and wished to heaven, that he had suffered her to be a protestant. At this moment, the dinner bell rung, and they were obliged to wipe away the dews of sorrow, and appear with forced gaity, in the presence of Lady Montmarenno.

ELLA.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE PARENT'S FRIEND.

No. II.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.—VIRG.

WHEN first I invited your attention to the subject of education, with some remarks on its influence and importance, it was not my intention to discuss any particular topic, or animadvert upon any custom or process, further than the general recommendation of literary improvement.

But experience and observation, together with the opinions of men, eminent in their respective professions, and distinguished for literature and morals, have convinced me, that, there exists in this city, as, probably in most other populous places, an error in the process of a literary education, highly detrimental to the interest of the parent, and the welfare and success of the scholar; and for want of a due examination of its nature, tendency and effects, and an united determination to oppose, has been perpetuated from generation to generation, since this metropolis arose from the petty regulations of a parish: I mean the multiplicity of branches introduced, and professedly taught, by an individual instructor; while the mind of the scholar, by alternacy, is detached from all, and exercised only in turning from one thing to another, without retaining just and fixed ideas of any thing. The teacher finds his task beyond his ability, his attention divided and confused, and the pupil gains but a smattering of what he undertakes, which promises to be of greater injury than benefit in after life; for he will flatter himself into a vain confidence, that he has imbibed correct sentiments, & that he is the thorough scholar, when, in fact, he is really deficient, and liable to the most mortifying exposure, when called to give an opinion, or bear part in the discussion of intricate subjects.

To expose the absurdity, and point out a remedy for this evil, or error so dangerous to the thorough scholar, is the design of these numbers.

In every pursuit, excellence should be the grand object in view, and the leading motive to research and exertion, but the mind is so mysteriously formed, that it seems not calculated to excel in a variety of pursuits. Like the sight, it attaches itself to a single object, and while resting on that, excludes all others.

As the natural eye can distinctly view but a single point, or particle at the same instant, so the mind's eye, or its faculty of reasoning, can examine, or investigate but a single subject at a time; and when once it becomes engaged in the investigation of any point, it should never be detached from its grasp until it is clearly understood; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that what-

ever is thoroughly acquired and understood, can never be forgotten. That alone which is erased from the memory, was but superficially and imperfectly acquired. And when I hear a person say, "I have forgotten," I am ready to exclaim, "*you never knew it.*"

It may be proper here to respond to the silly objection, which many pedagogues of the old school, are always ready to raise, viz. That a change of study is a relief, and exercise to the mind of the student; to which I reply, that exercise of body should ever keep pace with that of the mind, nor is any change a relief to the latter, while the former remains inactive. Therefore, instead of 6 or 7, let but 3 or 4 hours of the days be devoted to study, and when the mind becomes weary and tired with research, instead of recourse to different studies for relief, let there be a *total relaxation*, and in the interum, let the body and mind be exercised together.

During this intermission or suspension, the teacher with the pupil is refreshed, and both are prepared to grasp with redoubled vigour, their favorite pursuit. Intemperate study is as injurious and criminal, as any species of intemperance.

That too many hours are devoted to research, without proper exercise, the pale and emaciated form of the student, testifies with the truth and reality of occular demonstration.

Then let the precious time now miserably spent in turning from book to book, and flying from study to study, be devoted to preservation of health and constitution.

Away, then, with this complication of pursuits, nor longer flatter ignorance, or prove the bane of erudition, and let *singleness of object with moderate time*, relieve the drudgery of the teacher, and secure to the student, with the inestimable blessing of health, a more complete and thorough knowledge of his subject.

PHILECIUS.

(The subject to be continued.)

NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE

(Continued.)

As HE turned over the leaves of this volume, he acknowledged that many of the reports were genuine, but with frequent inaccuracies and mistatements; and if my memory is correct, he particularized that which was given of the battle of Marengo. But he did not stop here; and continually desired to know whether I perfectly comprehended his meaning, as that was his most earnest wish. And now, to my utter astonishmen. the entered upon the event of the Duke D'Enghein's death. This was a topic that could not be expected: and particularly by me as there appeared among his followers, who were always on tip toe to be his apologists, an evasive silence or contradictory statements, whenever this afflicting event became the subject of inquiry, which had occasionally happened during the course of our voyage. Here Napoleon became very animated, and often raised himself on the sofa, where he had hitherto remained in a reclining posture.—The interest attached to the subject, and the energy of his delivery, combined to impress the tenor of his narrative so strongly on my mind, that you need not doubt the accuracy of this repetition of it. He began as follows:—

Death of the Duke D'Enghein.

"At this eventful period of my life, I had succeeded in restoring order and tranquility to a kingdom torn asunder by faction, and deluged in blood. That nation had placed me at their head. I came not as your Cromwell did, nor your Third Richard. I found a Crown in the kennel; I cleansed it from its filth and placed it on my head.—My safety now became necessary, to preserve that tranquillity so recently restored, and hitherto, so satisfactorily preserved, as the leading characters of the nation well know. At the same time, reports were every night bro't me (I think he said by Gen. Ryal,) that conspiracies were in agitation; that meetings were held in particular houses in Paris, and names even were mentioned; at the same time no satisfactory proofs could be obtained, and the utmost vigilance & ceaseless pursuits of the police, was evaded—Gen. Moreau, indeed, became suspected, and I was seriously importuned to issue an order for his arrest; but his character was such, his name stood so high, and the estimation of him so great in the public mind, that as it appeared to me, he had nothing to gain, and every thing to loose, by becoming a conspirator against me, I therefore could not but exonerate him from such a suspici-

on. I accordingly refused an order for the proposed arrest, by the following intimation to the Minister of Police; You have named Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau: convince me that the former is in Paris, and I will immediately cause the latter to be arrested.—Another and a very singular circumstance led to the developement of the plot. One night as I lay agitated and wakeful, I rose from my bed, and examined the list of suspected traitors; and Chance, which rules the world, occasioned my stumbling, as it were, on the name of a surgeon who had lately returned from an English prison. This man's age, education and experience in life, induced me to believe that his conduct must be attributed to any other motive than that of youthful fanaticism, in favor of a Bourbon; as far as circumstances qualified me to judge, money appeared to be his object. I accordingly gave orders for this man to be arrested, when a summary mock trial was instituted, by which he was found guilty, sentenced to die, and informed he had but six hours to live. This stratagem had the desired effect: he was terrified into confession. It was now known that Pichegru had a brother, a monastic Priest, then residing at Paris. I ordered a party of gens d'arme to visit this man, and if he had quitted his house, I conceived there would be good ground for suspicion. The old Monk was secured, and, in the act of his arrest, his fears betrayed what I most wanted to know.—'Is it (he exclaimed) because I afforded shelter to a brother that I am thus treated.—The object of the plot was to destroy me: and the success of it would of course, have been my destruction. It emanated from the capital of your country, with the Count d'Artois at the head of it. To the west he sent the Duke de Berri, and to the east the duke d'Enghein. To France your vessels conveyed underlings of the plot, and Moreau became a convert to the cause. The moment was big with evil: I felt myself on a tottering eminence, and I resolved to hurl the thunder back upon the Bourbons even in the metropolis of the British empire. My Minister vehemently urged the seizure of the Duke though in a neutral territory. But I still hesitated, and Prince Benevento brought the order twice, and urged the measure with all his powers of persuasion. It was not, however, till I was fully convinced of its necessity, that I sanctioned it by my signature. The matter could be easily arranged between me and the duke of Baden. Why, indeed, should I suffer a man residing on the very confines of my kingdom, to commit a crime which, within the distance of a mile, by the ordinary course of law, Justice herself would condemn to the scaffold. And now answer me:—Did I do more than adopt the principle of your Government, when it ordered the capture of the Danish fleet, which was thought to threaten mischief to your country. It had been urged to me again and again, as a sound political opinion, that the new dynasty could not be secure while the Bourbons remained. Talleyrand never deviated from this principle: it was a fixed, unchangeable article in his political creed.—But I did not become a ready or a willing convert, I examined the opinion with care and with caution: and the result was a perfect conviction of its necessity. The duke D'Enghein was accessary to the confederacy: and although the resident of a neutral territory, the urgency of the case (in which my safety and the public tranquillity, to use no stronger expression, were involved) justified the proceedings. I accordingly ordered him to be seized and tried: he was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was immediately executed: and the same fate would have followed, had it been Louis XVIII. For I again declare, that I found it necessary to roll the thunder back on the metropolis of England, as from thence, with the Count d'Artois at their head, did the assassins assail me.

Sudden death of Pichegru.

"Your country also accuses me of the death of Pichegru." I replied, "It it most certainly and universally believed throughout the whole British empire, that he was strangled in prison by your orders." He rapidly answered, "What idle, disingenious folly! a fine proof how prejudice can destroy the boasted reasoning faculties of Englishmen! Why, I ask you, should that life be taken away in secret, which the laws consigned to the hands of a public executioner. The matter would have been different with respect to Moreau.—Had he died in a dungeon, there might have been grounds to justify the suspicion that he had not been guilty of suicide. He was a very popular character, as well as much beloved by the army; and I should never have lost the odium, however guiltless I might have been, if the justice of his death, supposing his life to have been forfeited by the laws, had not been made apparent by the most public execution."

Here he paused; and I replied—"There may, perhaps, be persons in England, who are disposed to acknowledge the necessity of rigorous measures at this important period of your history; but none, I believe, are to be found, who would attempt to justify the precipitate manner in which the young Prince was seized, tried, sentenced and shot." He instantly answered, "I was justified in my own mind, and I repeat the

declaration which I have already made, that I would have ordered the execution of Louis XVIII. At the same time, I solemnly affirm, that no message or letter from the Duke reached me after sentence of death had been passed upon him."

Talleyrand, however, was said to be in possession of a letter from the Royal prisoner, addressed to Napoleon, which they who are well qualified to know, declared he took upon himself not to deliver till it was too late to be of any service to the writer. I saw a copy of this letter in possession of Count de las Cases, which he calmly represented to me as one of the mass of documents, formed or collected to authenticate and justify certain mysterious parts of the history which he was occasionally employed in writing, under the dictation of the hero of it. Do not startle; the letter was to beg his life; and to this effect. It stated his opinion that the Bourbon dynasty was terminated. This was the settled opinion of his mind, and he was about to prove the sincerity of it. He now considered France no other than as his country, which he loved with the most patriotic ardor, but merely as a private citizen. The crown was no longer in his view; it was now beyond the possibility of recovery: it would not, it could not be restored. He therefore requested to be allowed to live and devote his life and services to France, merely as a native of it.—He was ready to take any command or any rank in the French army, to become a brave and loyal soldier, subject to the will and orders of the government, in whose hands soever it might be, to which he was ready to swear fealty; and that, if his life was spared, he would devote it with the utmost courage & fidelity to support France against all its enemies. Such was the letter which, as it was represented to me, Talleyrand took care not to deliver till the hand that wrote it was unnerved by death. Napoleon continued to speak of the Bourbon family——"Had I," he said, "been anxious to get any, or all the Bourbons into my possession, I could have accomplished the object——Your smugglers offered me a Bourbon for a stated sum, (I think he named 40,000 francs) but, on coming to a more precise explanation, they entertained a doubt of fulfilling the engagement as it was originally proposed. They would not undertake to possess themselves of any of the Bourbon family absolutely alive; though, with the alternative, alive or dead, they had no doubt of completing it. But it was not my wish merely to deprive them of life Besides, circumstances had taken a turn which then fixed me without fear of change or chance on the throne I possessed. I felt my security, and left the Bourbons undisturbed. Wanton, useless murder, whatever has been said and tho't of me in England, has never been my practice: to what end or purpose could I have indulged the horrible propensity. When Sir George Rumbold and Mr. Drake, who had been carrying on a correspondence with the conspirators in Paris, were seized, they were not murdered." In looking over these letters for the press, I felt a doubt whether this observation respecting Sir G. Rumbold was made at this time, or at some other; or whether it proceeded from Bonaparte or Count de las Cases, but I am positive it was made by one or the other.

Here he ceased to speak: and as I was determined to gratify my curiosity as far as his present communicative spirit would allow, I was determined to continue the conversation. I accordingly observed, "that of all the undertakings which composed his wonderful career, no circumstance had excited such astonishment in England, as his expedition to Russia, before he had bro't the Peninsula war to a termination, which, at that time, appeared to be an attainable object." I paused, expecting a reply on the subject; however, he gave none—but, as if he had not heard my observation, proceeded to a renewal, in some degree, of the former topics.

Affair at Jaffa.

"Your country," he said, "has accused me of having murdered the sick and wounded of my army at Jaffa. Be assured, that if I had committed such a horrid act, my very soldiers themselves would have execrated me, and I might have looked to their ceasing to obey me. There is no occurrence of life to which I gave more publicity than this. You have an officer, a sir Robert Wilson, who has written very copiously on the subject of my campaign in Egypt." As he repeated the last sentence, he assumed an air and tone of sarcastic jocularity, and then asked me, if I had read sir Robert's publication. I replied in the affirmative. "It is possible," he said, "that he wrote from the testimony of other people, equally prone to error as himself; he cannot pretend to have done it from his own observation. Can you tell me," continued Napoleon, "whether sir Sydney Smith, in any official communications to your government, attempted, in any way, to corroborate the testimony of sir R Wilson?" I could not, at the moment, sufficiently recollect the purport of his despatches to determine the point, but I replied as I felt, "that he had not."—The reply, however, indecisive as it was, appeared to afford him considerable satisfaction, as he instantly repeated, "I believe so—for sir Sydney Smith is a brave and just man." I here observed, that "there

are many in England who imagine your jealousy and hatred of sir Sydney Smith influenced your conduct towards that officer" He smiled with astonishment at such an idea—the thought of coupling the two names appeared never to have entered his imagination. "Ridiculous! nonsense!" was his reply. He then entered on the following narrative: "On raising the siege of St. Jean de Acre, the army retired upon Jaffa. It had become a matter of urgent necessity. The occupation of this town for any length of time, was impracticable, from the force that Jezha Pacha was enabled to bring forward. The sick and wounded were numerous, and their removal was my first consideration. Carriages, the most convenient that could be formed, were appropriated to the purpose. Some of them were sent by water to Damietta, and the rest were accommodated, in the best possible manner, to accompany their comrades in their march through the Desart. *Seven* men, however, occupied a quarantine hospital, who were infected with the plague, whose report was made me by the chief of the medical staff; (I think it was Degenette) He further added, that the disease had gained such a stage of malignancy, there was not the least probability of their continuing alive beyond 48 hours." "I here exclaimed in a dubious tone, the word *seven!* and immediately asked whether I was to understand that there were no more than seven?" "I perceive," he replied, "that you have heard a different account." "Most assuredly general. Sir Robert Wilson states 57 or 77: and speaking more collectively—your whole sick and wounded." He then proceeded—"The Turks were numerous and powerful, and their cruelty proverbial throughout the army. Their practice of mutilating and barbarously treating their christian prisoners in particular, was well known among my troops, and had a preservative influence on my mind and conduct: and I do affirm, that there were only 7 sufferers whom circumstances compelled me to leave as short-lived sufferers at Jaffa. They were in that stage of the disease which rendered their removal utterly impracticable, exclusive of the dissemination of the disease among the healthy troops. Situated as I was, I could not place them under the protection of the English: I therefore, desired to see the senior medical officer, and observed to him, that the afflictions of their disease would be cruelly aggravated by the conduct of the Turks towards them, and that as it was impossible to continue in possession of the town, I desired him to give me his best advice on the occasion. I said, tell me what is to be done! He hesitated for some time, and then repeated, that these men, who were the objects of my very painful solicitude, could not survive forty-eight hours. I then suggested (what appeared to be his opinion, though he might not choose to declare it, but wait with the trembling hope to receive it from me,) the propriety, because I felt it would be humanity to shorten the sufferings of these seven men by administering opium. Such a relief, I added, in a similar situation, I should anxiously solicit for myself. But, rather contrary to my expectation the proposition was opposed, and consequently abandoned. I accordingly halted the army one day longer than I intended; and, on my quitting Jaffa, left a strong rear guard, who continued in that city till the third day. At the expiration of that period an officer's report reached me, that the men were dead." 'Then, general,' I could not resist exclaiming, 'no opium was given'—The emphatic answer I received was, 'No, none!'—— 'A report was brought me that the men died before the rear guard had evacuated the city.' I again interrupted him by mentioning that sir Sydney Smith, when he afterwards entered Jaffa, found one or two Frenchmen alive. 'Well,' he answered, 'that, after all, might be possible!' It was, I think, at this period of the conversation, that he stated his being in possession of a letter from sir Sydney Smith, written in very complimentary language, which expressed the writer's astonishment as well as praise, on the accommodations which were contrived and executed to transport the French sick and wounded from Acre to Jaffa, and thence across the Desart. I here took occasion to observe, 'that a late English traveller, a distinguished scholar and learned professor of the University at Cambridge, had excited a very general doubt respecting the accuracy of this particular part of sir Robert Wilson's narrative. Dr. Clark, the person to whom I allude, 'had,' I said, 'travelled through Turkey, and, as I believed, by the rout of Aleppo and Damascus to Jerusalem, and from thence to Jaffa, where he remained some time. This gentleman, whose character stands high in the world, may be said to contradict the testimony of his countryman, sir Robert, respecting the charge which the former may be said to have brought forward against you. Though he merely states that he never heard of the cruel transaction, but very naturally observed, that if such an extraordinary event had occurred, as the murder of such a number of Frenchmen by their own general, some traces or recollection of so horrid an event, and of such recent occurrence, must have transpired and been communicated to him during his residence there.' A question instantaneously followed—'Has this traveller said any thing of El Arish?' My memory did not serve me sufficient to give an answer.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

DESCRIPTION OF TEA PARTIES

ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

From Knickerbocker's history of New York.

As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I, that there will be but little in my description calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains.—I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal; for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid, or too good natured, to pull each other's characters to pieces—nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of Brag—how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for as yet there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers, who met to win each others money and lose their own tempers at a card table.

These fashionable parties were generally consigned to the higher classes or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own waggons.—The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark.—I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement.—Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare.

The Tea Table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown cut up into mouthfuls, and swimming in doup or gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in the dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hogs fat, and called dough-nuts or oly koeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families, but retains its pre-eminent station at many of the tea tables in Albany.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies —The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days, sweat merely to look at it.—To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient which is still kept up in all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coqueting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self satisfied strutting of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all; on the contrary the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *yah mynher*, or *yah ya vrouw* to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things, like decent well educated damsels. As to the gentle-

men each of them tranquilly smoaked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire places was decorated; wherein sundry passages of scripture were piously pourtrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage, Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion; for strange as it may seem, the ladies and gentlemen were content to take their own cloaks, shawls and hats, not dreaming, simple souls, of the ingenious system of exchange established in modern days, by which those who first leave the party are authorised to choose the best shawl or hat they can find—a custom which has doubtless arisen in consequence of our commercial habits—They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a waggon.—The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes and took leave of them with a hearty *smack* at the door—which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time nor should it at the present; if our great grand fathers approved of the custom it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it

VARIETY.

THE FEMALE TONGUE.

Lempriere, the physician, who had free admission to the imperial harem of the Emperor of Morocco, says the ladies had great reluctance in showing him their tongue, which they considered to be very indecent. One of the Sultan's wives kept behind a curtain, and had her pulse felt by putting her arm under the bottom; but it was with the greatest difficulty she could be prevailed on to show her tongue, which, however, she at length protruded through a hole made in the curtain! so different are the notions of delicacy in different nations!

ORIGIN OF THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

To the following circumstance is England indebted for that useful institution the Coroner's Inquest, and probably its recital may prove gratifying to our readers, at a time when Coroner's verdicts are become so frequent:—

A gentlewoman in London, after having buried six husbands, found a gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For several months their happiness was mutual, a circumstance which seemed to pay no great compliment to the former partners, who, as she said, had disgusted her by their drunkenness and infidelity. With a view of knowing the real character of his mate, the gentleman began frequently to absent himself, and return at late hours, apparently intoxicated. At first reproaches, but afterwards menaces were the consequences of this conduct. The gentleman persisted, and seemed to become every day more addicted to his bottle. One evening, when she imagined him quite drunk, she unsewed a leaden weight from one of the sleeves of her gown, and having melted it, approached her husband (who pretended to be asleep,) in order to pour it into his ear, with a tobacco pipe. Convinced of her wickedness, the gentleman started up and seized her, when, having procured assistance, he secured her until morning, and conducted her before a Magistrate, who committed her to prison. The bodies of her six husbands were dug up, and as the marks of violence were still discernable upon each of them, the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, that she was condemned and executed.—— *London paper.*

RECREATION.

Man must have recreations, resources, pleasures; the improvement of the mind, of the reasoning faculties, appears the noblest and most rational of indulgences.

Seat of the Muses.

Communicated
For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE NUN.

(Concluded from our last.)

He caught her in his eager arms,
The sight his bosom pains;
His kisses her cold cheek rewarms,
His friends remove her chains.

She open'd her languid eyes—
"Why are ye here?" she cried;
"To save you Clara," he replies,
"Or with you to have died.

"For much dear girl to you I owe,
Had you the truth but spoke;
I surely for my faithless vow *
Had on the wheel been broke.

"But see the morn her taper brings,
We must my love away,
Our little bark to spread her wings,
Impatiently does stay.

"And zephyrs wait to waft us o'er,
The wide expanding main,
To near Italia's friendly shore,
Where safe we may remain"

They fast descend the winding stairs,
She round her lover clung;
The Abbess then with wily care,
The great alarm bell rung.

Its well known summons spread around,
Swift on the gale it flew;
Valett's† hoarse bells gave back the sound,
And St. Elmo's‡ bugles blew.

The Knights their trembling burden bear,
And force their former way;
With eager step and anxious care,
To where the tartan§ lay.

In hasty march along the shore,
The troop with Clara came;
And plac'd her in the cave* which bore
The bless'd apostle's name.

Then quick they launch the little boat,
And spread her flowing sail;
And now the happy pair afloat,
Fly swift before the gale.

Their gallant friends stand on the strand,
And louder bid adieu;
And faster wav'd each silken band
As less their vessel grew.

They stand till she was out of sight,
Then homeward turn'd their way;
Nor was the fair one nor the Knight,
More heard of from that day.

But peasants say still may be seen,
The night their crime was done;
In shatter'd bark, and sea weed green,
The Soldier and the Nun.

RINALDO.

* It may not be unnecessary here to observe that the Knights of Malta were under a vow of perpetual celibacy, the violation of which was attended with expulsion from the order, and ex-communication from the Catholic church; but in the present case, it would then have been attended with the death above mentioned.

† Town of Malta. ‡ Citadel of Malta.

§ A Tartan is a small boat with two lateen sails very common in these seas.

* St. Paul's cave, situated on the sea shore and said to have been inhabited by that Apostle, after he was wrecked on that Island.

Communicated
For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

How weak to prize frail beauty's transient pow'r,
That hastens ev'ry moment to decay!
The loveliest graces soon shall charm no more,
But fading yield to time's resistless sway.

The violet's bloom is destin'd soon to fade,
The opening lily soon shall droop and die;
The rose so late in rip'ning charms array'd,
Now rough with thorns disgusts the gazer's eye.

And thee fair Youth elate with joy and pride,
In glowing health and kindling passions warm;
Erewhile, o'erwhelming in his hurrying tide
Shall age, with hoary hair and wrinkled skin deform.

Now is the time while yet the means remain,
To form thy mind with wisdom's various lore;
For wisdom's charms the shocks of age disdain,
And last when youth and beauty please no more.

Though to Ulysses, fortune had denied
The comely form and beauty's softer charms;
Wisdom and Eloquence their place supplied,
And bless'd the hero in Calypro's arms.

From the Middlesex Gazette.

The enclosed poem is founded on the following fact:—A young lady of good education, amiable disposition, and pleasing manners, was seduced from the path of virtue and innocence, by the promise of immediate marriage from her perfidious lover. She bore her fate for some time with fortitude and even resignation; but at length, becoming neglected by her relatives, and left dependent on the charity of an unfeeling world for support, she resigned herself to despair, and determined to end her life by *poison*.—As she stretch'd forth her hand to grasp the cup containing the liquid death, her eye, by accident, glanced on a *Bible*, which lay open on the table;—the holy book had been opened by her child, which she then held to her bosom asleep. This sentence attracted her attention:—"*Daughter, be of good comfort; thy sins are forgiven thee!*"—Hope revived in her breast, and the angel of *mercy* stayed the arm of death.

"SLEEP on my babe, thy sleep is calm,
Though pillowed on pollution's breast;
Sleep on, and sip that bosom balm
Which lulls thy little woes to rest.

But ah! my babe, thou dost not hear
The howling storm or rattling hail;
Thou dost not know a mother's fear,
No pangs like hers thy breast assail.

Then sleep thee on—nor wake again
Till she who holds thee sleeps in death;
Yes, sleep thee on thy bed of sin,
Till heaven demands thy fleeting breath.

I cannot weep—though tears would blot,
Forever blot my sins from heav'n;—
I cannot pray—O heavy lot!
Though angels whisper'd sins forgiven.

Then hail! thou rosy poison, hail!
For thou canst calm this bosom's swell;
Once drank, the world will cease to rail;
Then, O my babe, farewell—farewell!

She paus'd—for lo! before her eye,
The book of Heav'n full open lay,
Which her sweet babe—it knew not why,
Had left unclos'd in frolick play.

She read—and while her heart was wrung,
Yet scarcely dar'd to think of heav'n,
A voice pronounc'd—'twas Mercy's tongue,
'*Be of good* FAITH—*thou art* FORGIV'N!'

Her babe awoke—a cheerful smile
O'er all its lovely features play'd—
She dash'd the cup—sweet peace return'd,
And death's uplifted arm was stay'd.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

CHARADE.

TO D E. F. K.

THE miser's piety, the punster's wit,
The soft delusive smile of the coquet;
The courtier's promise, and the coxcomb's boast,
The forc'd devotion of the fading toast,
The hypocrite's pretended claim above,
The venal raptures of erratic love;
The lover's favour, and the beggar's whine,
Are what? consider!—and my *first* divine!
My *second* is a well known robber's name,
Who by his bow, acquir'd immortal fame.
My *whole*, with wily treacherous skill
Assumes ten thousand various shapes at will.
Now deep Religion's awful form it wears,
And numbers beads, and lowly mumbles pray'rs;
Now takes the heavenly shape of humble love,
More soft, more tender, than the dying dove;
And now approaches friendship's sacred shrine,
And with false vows, blasphemes the power divine;
But soon or late the mask is torn away;
And all the monster glares in open day,
Yet till the revolving seasons bring its end;
The burden'd *Earth* must bear this horrid fiend;
Then shall the gods remand it back to dwell
With its own sire, and in its native hell.

CHARLES.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1817.

Intelligence.

The new Soup House in Franklin-st. under the direction of the philanthropic citizens, Messrs. Moses Field, Samuel Leggett, William W. Fox, and William H. Leggett, has ceased in its operations, according to the period proposed for its continuance.

The Managers report, that in the course of three weeks and one day, they have distributed 103,312 rations of soup, and 1000 lbs. of navy bread, (a pint and a half to a ration) to the suffering poor; that the quantity of soup has been so great as to render it necessary to boil night and day:—that on an average, there had been boiled each day, 680 lbs. of beef, 8 bushels of potatoes, 6 bushels of beans, 10 bushels of turnips, 2 bushels of onions, 300 carrots, 15 heads of cabbage, 175 lbs. of flour, besides, occasionally, corn meal, rice, peas, barley, vermecilli or tappioca, to assist in making the soup thick and nutritious.

That towards enabling them to furnish the above quantity of soup, they had received in money and contributions 1972 dollars and 82 cents.

The managers speak highly of Messrs. Issachar Cozens, senior and junior, for the manner in which they conducted the culinary department—and to Mr. John M. Bradhurst, they say the public are principally indebted for whatever benefit may have been conferred—to whose philanthropy they are obliged for the building, and the accommodations for preparing the soup.

In consequence of the great number of distressed objects in this city, a committee was appointed to enquire into the present state of want and misery, and to devise some plan to prevent as far as possible, a recurrence of the like scenes of distress.—

They report, that from year to year, for ten years past, the poor have increased greatly beyond the regular increase of population—that 15,000 men, women and children (equal to one-7th of the whole population) have this winter been supported by public and private munificence!

That in viewing this deplorable state of human misery, the committee have diligently attended to an examination of the causes which have produced such dire effects. And after the most mature and deliberate reflection, they are satisfied that the most prominent and alarming cause, is the free and inordinate use of *spirituous liquors.* To this cause alone may fairly be attributed seven-eights of the misery and distress among the poor the present winter; one-sixteenth to the want of employment, owing to the present distressed state of trade and commerce; and the remaining portion to circumstances difficult to enumerate, and which possibly could not be avoided!—

This monstrous evil, fostered no doubt as it is, by the many *thousands* tipling houses in this city, (for it appears that in 1809 there were eighteen hundred licences granted for retailing spirituous liquors) the committee think might be lessened by an appeal to the legislature, to reduce the number within reasonable bounds—and for that purpose have drafted a petition to be forwarded forthwith.

LATE FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The fog was so thick in London on the 9th of Jan. for several hours, that all the shops were lighted as in the night.

The Thames had experienced an extraordinary overflow; and the environs of Windsor were almost entirely under water. Nearly half of the houses at Eaton were shut up, and the inhabitants retired to the upper stories, receiving provisions from boats. In other quarters there had been similar extraodinary overflows.

On the 21st December the temperature was extraordinarily mild at St. Petersburgh; and the roadstead of Revel still open.

A young man, named Thomas of Newport, (Eng.) has invented and perfected a clock, on a system entirely new—it goes 384 days with once winding up, marks the minutes and seconds—the wheels are of copper, the pinions of cast steel.

Price of meat in the Dublin market, on the 11th of January, beef from 7 to 10 cents; pork 6 to 9; mutton 10 to 13; veal 11 to 14; wheat and flour, average price for the week ending 10th January, 130*s*. per sack.

The U S. sloop Ontario, Captain Downs, has arrived at Annapolis, from the Mediterranean, and 35 days from Cadiz, with despatches from the squadron and Mr. Erving, at Madrid. A letter from an officer of the Washington 74, dated Port Mahon, 21st January, says—"*We have concluded a new treaty with the Dey of Algiers.*"

According to the reports of the commissioners, the cost of the Canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson, will not exceed $4,881,738. The Canal is projected to pass from Lake Erie to Tonewanta river, 27 miles, thence to Seneca river, 136 miles, from Seneca river to Rome, 77 miles, from Rome to the Schoharie Creek, 71 miles, and thence to Albany, 42 miles—making the aggregate distance 352 miles.—Lake Erie is 565 feet higher than the Hudson; but there is a rise between the Seneca and Rome of 48 feet. The whole number of locks will be 77, and the whole rise and fall is about 661 feet.

From Portland in Maine, to Natchitoches in Louisiana, a distance of 2,318 miles, the mail travels in thirty two days, passing for a very considerable distance through an unsettled wilderness, over roads almost impassable, and at the average rate of more than seventy miles per day.

Unhappy Accident—A young woman was burned to death at Washington, on Thursday last, owing to her clothes having accidentally taken fire.

"C. A. B." came too late for this week, but will be attended to in our next number.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Milledoler, capt. James Porter, to Miss Issabella M'Millan.

By the rev. Mr. Rowen, Mr. T. R. Kellog, to Miss Otterson, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. James Melliss, to Miss Elizabeth Mason, all of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 52 persons during the week ending on the 8th inst.

DIED.

Of a lingering illness, Dr. Benjamin S. Tyler, late Surgeon's Mate in the Navy of the United States.

Miss Mary Breath, in the 50th year of her age.

Mrs. Anne Hillyerd, wife of Jacob Hillyerd.

Mr. Daniel Hitchcock, aged 33 years.

At Charleston, S. C. Mr. Charles M. Gamage, of this city, merchant, son of the late Dr. John Gamage, aged 25 years.

Lost at Sea, on board of the Ship Ann, capt. Crocker, from Liverpool to this port, in a gale of wind, Mr. John Hannifen, aged 16, son of capt. John Hannifen, of this city.

Also, on board of the ship Caroline, on her passage from Liverpool to this port, in a gale of wind, Mr. John A. Shackerly, son of capt. John A Shackerly, of this city.

Also, on board the ship Fame, capt. Mix, from this port to Hamburg, in a gale of wind, Mr. Samuel I. Borrowe, jun aged 14, son of Mr. Samuel I. Borrowe, of this city.

Answer to A. S. T's *Rebus* in our last.

A stupid *Ass*, must form your first
Which can indure both cold and thirst,
Name it again, and you will find
If preposition *in* be join'd,
The ASSASSIN, from which wretch may we
Be always safe, and never see.
I give the answer which you wanted,
And I, my friend, am not affronted.

ELLA.

Another.

He stupid as an *Ass* must surely be,
Who at first sight can't plainly see,
That if to *Ass* you add an *ass* and *in*,
'Twill make the wretch ASSASSIN.

C. S. W.

[Answered also by '*Lavinia*.' and 'S. W.'

Answer to AMICUS' Charade in our last.

Your first the holy precepts TEN,
Which God to Moses gave,
That by fulfiling them, all men
Themselves from sin might save.

Your next the persevering ANT,
Who gives this lesson true,
That industry can banish want
And give us pleasure new.

How often when misfortunes come,
And not a hope is left,
The abject TEN-ANT is of home,
And liberty bereft.

Y.

Another.

TEN commands in Moses' law you'll find.
Take (w) from want and leave the rest behind,
Add *ten* to *ant*—and then you'll see,
A *Ten-ant* never is, nor will be free.

LAVINIA.

[Answered also by '*Eliza Caroline*.'—'*Ella*.' and 'C. S. W.']

AN ENIGMA.

I am found with the hero—observe now ye fair,
I am always at home, and am lost in the heir;
Do look at your hand, I shall plainly appear
Next look at your house you will find I am near,
You'll find I am first that presides o'er your health;
Behold I am found at the end of your wealth,
In short let me tell you, I cannot depart
From the husband, father, and much more your heart.
Now tell me your thoughts, I beseech you ye fair,
And give me at all times what must be my share.

A S T.

SUMMER VIEW OF THE

NORTH CAPE—COAST OF NORWAY.

MAGEROE or Bare Island, on which is the North Cape, is separated from the main by a sound, of the same name. The Cape is an enormous block of granite, projecting far into the sea, and which being exposed to all the fury of the waves, crumbles away continually.—"Here," says an intelligent traveller, "every thing is solitary, every thing is sterile, every thing is sad and despondent; the shadowy forest no longer adorns the brow of the mountain, the singing of the birds, which enlivens even the woods of Lapland, is no longer heard in this scene of desolation; the ruggedness of the dark grey rock is not covered by a single shrub; the only music is the hoarse murmuring of the waves, ever and anon renewing their assaults on the huge masses that oppose them. The northern sun, creeping at midnight at the distance of five diameters along the horizon of the immeasurable ocean, in apparent contact with the skies, form the grand outline of the sublime picture presented to the astonished spectator. The incessant cares and pursuits of anxious mortals are recollected as a dream, the various forms and energies of animated nature are forgotten, the earth is contemplated only in its elements, and as constituting a part of the solar system."—*Maritime Geography.*

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